



AT THE BIRTHING OF A DAY

David W. Vandegrift

In the quiet of solitude
 In anticipation of light
 In the aching tears of loved ones
 Comes the inspiration of sight.

Though living is losing,
 Though bleeding is right,
 Though darkness encompasses—
 Be still—for Love shares its light.

Guilty thoughts, shaming thoughts, thoughts of defeat
 Shall not linger long
 Because trust and love
 Shall make remembrances sweet.

Remember with trust,
 Remember with conscience aright;
 If dark casts its gloom—
 Be still—for Love beams its light.

Perchance death takes the body,
 But death can't defeat;
 It can't reach the soul
 And life will be sweet.